

**New York Tribune**  
First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements  
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**Time to Decide**  
The name of the candidate for Mayor which is expected to come today from the coalition conference is not of supreme consequence. Though no super-fine field is offered, there is an excellent field. No serious mistake is likely.

Major Curran and Senator Lockwood are both men of character and unimpeachable records. So are other possibilities. There are many men able to win, for strong is the popular longing to smash Tammany and Michael Rufus. There is no need or call for a brilliant meteor. The public beholds at Washington the wisdom of trusting a man of strong common sense with his character is sound.

What, then, is of supreme consequence? It is for committee members, each for himself, to renew soul allegiance to the cause of decent government. Let them cleanse their breasts of all littleness. The breadth of their spirit is everything. Pride of opinion, a stubborn wish to have a particular way, suspicion of the motives of others—these unworthy things have no place. Is a gathering of leading New Yorkers not able to rise to the heights of patriotism that the doughboys displayed as a part of each day's work?

The conditions that confront the committee need no elucidation. They speak for themselves. A century of vain effort has shown that Tammany is unreformable. It now has in the City Hall, and would keep there, a representative of its fraud and appetite. There is nothing new or uncertain in the prospect. If Hymanism is not expelled it will grow worse.

A highwayman whose fingers have been often felt has the public by the throat again. If not shaken off no one can doubt what's coming. Any caution shown in the last four years will be thrown aside. A new set of country villas will decorate Long Island and Westchester.

It is also plain that Tammany cannot win unless the opposition is divided. Division is Murphy's one hope. Thus any participant in the conference whose first thought is of something other than loyal agreement is a working friend of Tammany and Murphy. Any one who attempts to gain advantage for himself or his group to the prejudice of agreement may fill his mouth with protestations of virtue, but he is in fact a sordid blasphemer who would traffic in sacred trust.

Gentlemen of the coalition conference, only one path of duty and honor lies open to you. It is to forget differences and to agree, and to agree loyally. The enemy is becoming desirous. Accustomed to backroom meetings and humbly waiting until the boss pulls a name out of his pocket, Tammany does not understand the methods of proceeding in the open or realize that with the public taken into consideration contrary views, stoutly upheld, are inevitable.

But as there is a time to debate there is also a time to decide. This latter time has now arrived. Ample has been the opportunity to present personal claims. Nothing is to be gained by further postponement. Something may be lost. If there is yellowness anywhere in the make-up of the committee, any one whose first devotion does not run to the redemption of New York, he should quickly feel the hobnails of a heavy footed condemnation. Expose him at once as a Tammany aid, that meanest and lowest of all political types.

**Kelly's Legion**  
"A new labor movement recognizing the rights of the public and the unorganized wage earners and advocating arbitration of labor disputes has been initiated by the Local Labor Legion of New York City."

How many good folk, having read that far in yesterday's news, must have experienced the "grand and glorious feeling" of Briggs, despite the consciousness that Hyman is their Mayor, that their taxes are going up and that their school system, among other things, is bankrupt!

Then, what must have been the feeling of those gifted with a memory to go on and read that the "Loyal Labor Legion of New York City"

was, or is, the conception of no less a brain than that of F. Paul A. Vaccarelli, sometime vice-president of the International Longshoremen's Association!

F. Paul A. Vaccarelli was formerly known in this city as Paul Kelly. Do you remember him now, reader? Yes; it is the same Paul, and we suspect that the boasted strength of the Loyal Legion—20,000—will be marched to the polls in November to vote for a decent administration of New York. Paul has always given freely of himself to such causes. And besides this is the time when "organizers" organize in anticipation of fall business.

**Russia's Starvation Factory**  
The Bolshevik government having concluded to meet the terms of the Hoover offer, American relief cargoes will be dispatched to Russia as soon as there is actual release of the American prisoners.

In the mean time, although some Russian stomachs will be filled, nothing is apparently to be done to remove the cause that emptied them. For every one Mr. Hoover fills Bolshevikism will concurrently empty probably ten. Russia's present misery does not flow from the war. Four crop years have passed since the revolution came. It proceeds, as far as any famine is due to a single influence, from the application of Bolshevik principles. Yet this factory of starvation is to continue operating and during the ensuing year may be expected to kill a number far greater than we can save.

Let us, then, not boast too loudly of opening our granaries. We can do something, but so far as our cooperation in keeping Bolshevikism going is concerned, we dribble help in through a gimlet hole while there is a waste at a fast flowing spigot. Lenin does more harm in a fortnight than we can repair in a year. Letting him alone in his murderous work, it cannot be said that we exemplify in this instance the usual ability to see the major matter.

**The Major Objective**  
Is it necessary for the Ways and Means Committee to report a revenue bill which will raise \$4,000,000,000 annually? President Harding evidently doesn't think it is. He is said to have told members of the committee that taxation ought to be reduced, and that it can be reduced through further cuts in government expenditures.

For the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1922, Congress appropriated about \$3,800,000,000. Of this sum \$275,000,000 was for deficiencies. The normal expenditures for the year will be about \$3,525,000,000. Director Dawes expects to save about \$100,000,000 on that allotment. He and Mr. Madden, the new chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, are to have a series of conferences for the purpose of scaling down the appropriations for 1922-23. It is possible that the new budget, in which deficiencies will no longer figure, may not run far beyond \$3,000,000,000.

Many departments never know what they can do in the way of economy until they try. Secretary Weeks was afraid he couldn't reduce the enlisted strength of the army to an average of 150,000 for the present fiscal year. But there was no trouble whatever in getting the army down to that figure when enlisted men were allowed to apply for discharges. There are hundreds of government activities which can be slowed down temporarily without material damage.

Representative Longworth has the right idea. He says that the new tax bill ought to raise the smallest possible amount of revenue. It is better to make the mistake of raising too little than of raising too much, for supplemental taxes can easily be voted if needed. The main thing is to accustom the government to a lower cost scale.

Tax reduction is the thing which the country wants most. The tariff can wait; expansions of service can wait. We are trying to get off the war inflation basis and back to peace conditions. The Administration has promised tax relief and cannot afford not to make good. Politically and economically speaking, a genuine tax reduction has always been and still is the major objective of the extra session.

**Torturing Drug Victims**  
Concerning the drug victim who died the other day at Police Headquarters, some say his death was because he was abruptly deprived of the drug to which he was addicted. Some say that it was because of the heat. Dr. Simon, the Deputy Police Commissioner in charge of the campaign against the illegal drug traffic, makes the statement, which will astonish many people, that drug cure records show no instance of a man dying because deprived of a drug.

But there can be no room for difference of opinion as to the cruelty of thus abruptly stopping the supply of drugs to addicts, or as to the injustice of treating all sufferers affected with the drug habit as criminals.

Even though a sudden deprivation does not cause death, it often causes agony of the most poignant character. Many addicts are crim-

inal, but not all. One of the foremost authorities on the subject, Dr. Ernest S. Bishop, estimates that only about 10 per cent of them are members of the so-called underworld. The great majority are not criminals.

A smallpox patient who disregarded quarantine would not be taken to Police Headquarters or the Tombs as a common criminal, but would be placed in a hospital and provided at once with suitable medical treatment. That is what should be done with sufferers from addiction disease who are arrested. As Justice Collins says, they should either be taken at once to hospitals for treatment, or should receive emergency treatment from competent physicians at the place of detention.

At the earliest possible day there should be an enlightened and humane revision of the law which will facilitate the proper treatment of drug sufferers by competent and trustworthy physicians, thus abating the temptation, which has been a prolific source of evil, for victims to turn to the illicit traffic of the underworld to obtain supplies which will give temporary relief but no cure.

The drug evil is great and, it is to be feared, growing, and needs earnest and vigorous action for its abatement. But mere "strong-arm" methods should be restricted to known criminals. The great majority of addicts deserve treatment that is firm but which is also sympathetic and considerate.

**Rattling a Sword**  
There is to be a conference to-day in London over the alleged discrimination against American merchantmen in the awarding of contracts for the carriage of Egyptian cotton to British and United States ports. The Shipping Board's London agent, or district manager, is to meet representatives of the British interests involved.

According to the Tribune's Washington dispatches, the American agent is to make not only "strong representations" against the reported discrimination, but also "to insist that half of both the direct and indirect cotton shipments be carried in American bottoms." Further, it is intimated that if the British interests prove obdurate "the board probably will take the position that if its [four] vessels are not assured fair treatment it may be deemed advisable to invoke retaliatory measures, as provided for by the merchant marine act."

It is to be hoped that the Shipping Board has not given our representative quite such a large order and that it will develop that "reasons of diplomacy" have dictated the inspiration of the statements quoted above. We think, however, that the American people should be in possession of all the facts concerning the Egyptian cotton contracts before anybody attempts or is authorized to rattle the sword of commercial retaliation. Rate wars are bitter wars. The imposition of differentials is a game at which two can play. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

If, as has been asserted in the news from Washington during the last week, British ships have been chartered in the Egyptian trade in preference to American bottoms offering themselves at lower rates, all else being equal, the charterers will not survive very long as divided payers.

Constitutions may follow flags, but cargoes never have and never will.

**Japan's America Baiters**  
It is not surprising that Japan has an element that distrusts or pretends to distrust America's motives and sincerity in the call for the disarmament conference, anti-American agitators having been busy for some years fomenting the idea that America is a menace to Japan. They naturally seized upon the question of Yap and California's attitude on immigration as proof of America's hostility toward the Japanese.

This anti-American party now openly expresses its dislike of the coming conference. Last week it was said Japan would insist on the dismantling of all fortifications in Near Eastern waters, thereby rendering America's overseas possessions helpless. This week comes the report that unless the powers wish the conference to come to a deadlock questions involving particular powers and accomplished facts should be avoided.

The truth, of course, is that America has no desire to infringe on Japanese interests. But America is the possessor of the Philippines, and as such is already to some degree in the East. And America believes in equality of commercial opportunity in China. But that America seeks expansion in the Far East, or has any desire to attack Japan, is beyond the region of common sense. As long ago as 1907 President Roosevelt wrote to his friend Baron Kaneko, of Japan, about the California question in a manner that throws light on the present situation. "If scores of thousands of American miners went to Saghalien," he wrote, "or of American mechanics to Japan or Formosa, trouble would almost certainly ensue. Just in the same way scores of thousands of Japanese laborers, whether agricultural or industrial, are certain, chiefly because of the pressure caused thereby, to be

**Coal Facts Wanted**  
Consumers Would Like to Know Why Price Stays So High

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: In yesterday's issue of your paper there appeared an article by E. D. Underwood, president of the Erie Railroad, advising consumers to buy coal now. I should like to ask him a few definite questions.

What is the actual freight rate today from mining zones to Jersey points such as the Oranges?

What is to-day's cost of a ton of mining coal?

What wages are paid to the miners today? What wages were paid eight years ago?

It would be interesting to know who receives the difference between the old price of \$6 a ton for coal and today's price of \$14 a ton.

Mr. Underwood states that the item of taxation alone on the coal produced has increased over 200 per cent. Just what does he mean by this statement? Mr. Underwood states certain rates on certain commodities are too high and to offset this there are other rates that are too low. Why should one part of the population be taxed for the benefit of another part? His statement seems to indicate that this is what is happening.

A little plain information would be very acceptable to many people, and we might then be more willing to pay the present high price if we knew definitely why it existed.

R. A. WATSON.  
New York, July 29, 1921.

**Death From Drug Deprivation**  
To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: Officials connected with the narcotic squad are quoted in the press as making certain statements in extenuation of the sudden death of an opiate addict who was found dead at a police station after his arrest for possession of narcotics.

One of these statements is that "drug cure records show no instance of a man dying because of drug removal."

The record and literature on addiction to opiates in the matter of death resulting from removal of opiates is convincing. As to showing instances of a man dying because of drug removal, there is so much mention of it in the literature that its acceptance ought to be axiomatic with anybody at all familiar with the subject. Practically every writer of any importance on this subject refers to it.

Dr. George E. Pettey, in his book, "Narcotic Drug Diseases and Allied Ailments," page 41, says:

"The abrupt withdrawal of an opiate from patients addicted to its use without first preparing the patient's system for such withdrawal is not only dangerous to life but is barbarous."

"This course is not now pursued in any reputable institution for treatment, but it is often practiced in our insane hospitals and jails."

"A person who is addicted to narcotic drugs is arrested, thrown into a cell, without any provisions whatever to supply him with drugs, and within twenty-four to forty-eight hours the victim is taken from his cell a corpse, having sunk into complete collapse."

"He was already in extremis when arrested, and being thrown into a cell where he is helpless and unprotected he soon sinks into collapse and death closes the scene."

JOHN P. DAVIN, M. D.  
New York, Aug. 1, 1921.

**A Word for Grandmothers**  
To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: Why worry about the grandmother's job any more than any other? Why should not the grandmother fill any place she is fitted to fill, the same as the grandfather or the grandson or the granddaughter is supposed to do? To talk of age or money was once considered vulgar. Personal worth and ability are not dependent on either.

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L. C. H.  
New York, July 30, 1921.

**The Conning Tower**  
TOSCA

Well, I've went an' saw a wop'ra, an' I'm often shows for life. Me fer a snappy movie, an' the same goes for the wife.

Op'ra's kin run fer Astor an' Morgan an' all them eggs,

But gimme a show with action, where the dames has all got legs. Like this it is: Last Friday we're tossin' the clickin' cubes,

When I win three hundred berries from a flock o' hard boiled rubes. So the wife climbs into her war paint an' she drags me off to a show That they call by the name o' Tosca,—at seven bucks a throw.

Fourteen berries it sets me to listen to some fat wop

Bawlin' his crazy head off like he don't know when to stop.

Fourteen hard earned berries to hear them dagoes shout.

An' this is the plot of the story, the way I dope it out:

A bird by the name Angelotti who is doin' a bit in the coop Makes his getaway outa the hoose-gow while the keepers are lappin' their soup;

Gives the loud razz to the coppers, an' leavin' the bulls in the lurch Does a Bergdoll to Cavaradossi, his pal that is paintin' a church.

Now Mario Cavaradossi's a lad that paints pitchers by hand,

An' he's fell for a jane they call Tosca; she sings op'ra songs up at the Strand.

Well, as soon as he lamps Angelotti he slips him a scuttle o' chow,

An' he says "On your way, little stranger; this joint ain't no place fer you now."

Then Tosca drops in fer a visit, an' they sit there some minutes an' kid,

But Mario don't put her jerry to where he's got Angelo hid.

An' while they sit chinnin' an' laughin' at the line this here Mario pulls,

"My Gawd," she says, "if it ain't Scarpy!" an' in walks the chief o' the bulls.

Now this Scarpy's batty on Tosca; he's a goof that sandpapers his throat,

An' he gives the young pair the once over, an' then right away loses his goat.

"Say, cut it," he tells him. "We've got you fer helpin' that dago to blow.

Snap out of it! Pack up your paint-box. You're wanted at headquarters, bo!"

The next act's in Scarpy's office, where Mario's want for a ride,

An' after they've printed an' mugged him they're beatin' his hide off inside.

But never a squeal does he give 'em, though they smear him all over the jail.

An' then Tosca blows into the office. She's been chasin' around after bail.

An' her an' the chief have a confab. Says Scarpy, very polite,

"What wonderful weather we're havin', though it looks like it's cloudy to-night."

They're sweepin' a cell out at Sing Sing fer your gentleman friend there inside.

I told him he's gotta plead guilty. If he goes to the bat, babe, he'll ride."

Then Tosca says, "Say, chief, have pity. He done it fer me an' the kid;

An' he ain't gonna squeal on the dago. I'd throw down the rat if he did."

"Say, look here," says Scarpy to Tosca, an' he pours three fingers o' brew,

"I ain't got no love fer that paint guy, but I'd leave home an' mother fer you."

I'll throw that egg's case if you say so; but I gotta know where I get off."

An' Tosca says, "Sure, kid, I get you," and she swallows her brew with a cough.

Then Scarpy goes to the table, an' he looks like he's writin' a note

When Tosca quick grabs up a cheese knife an' she sticks the poor boob in the throat.

Then she lays him out swell on the carpet,—puts the candlesticks next to his head.

"Old Steve Merritt," she says, "couldn't beat this," an' she leaves the stiff laying there d'ad.

The next act's on the roof o' the hoosegow, an' poor Mario's near gave up hope,

When Tosca breaks in on the double, an' she slips him an earful o' dope.

"Say, I jipped that there bull an' I framed it so they'll pull a fake shoot fer a stall."

Then along come the doughboys with rifles and back Mario up to the wall.

The sergeant give orders to fire, an' they plug the poor fish full o' lead,

An' Tosca screams, "Scarpy's bilked me! They've went and shot Mario dead."

There's voices heard comin', an' Tosca decides that it's time fer to blow,

So she grabs up her skirts,—does a brodie o' the an'. That there's the end o' the show. FLACCUS.

Next time, Flaccus, write it a little longer.

Say about two lines. F. P. A.

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**To Maxim Gorky**  
French Veteran's Open Letter in Answer to His Appeal for Starving Russia

By Binet-Valmer  
(From Le Figaro)

You must act, my friend. Why are you not at the head of your compatriots, marching toward the East in search of the mythical Indian czar?

What do you ask of Anatole France? Money? Anatole France's faithful followers, the leaders of L'Humanité, the Populaire, the Journal du Peuple and the Internationale, have only that money which has been sent by your masters to spread throughout our country the vicious doctrines which have led you to famine.

What do you ask of Gerhardt Hauptmann? Money? This great Teutonic author would not be able to send you anything because his people have not yet rebuilt the farmhouses destroyed by the Kaiser's shells.

What do you ask of Blasco Ibanez? Money? No. You ask for grain; you ask that the hordes marching to the East shall be fed.

We have neither grain nor money, Maxim Gorky. You appeal to the broad spirit of humanity. Who betrayed this spirit? It can exist only when it is founded on those principles which are at the basis of civilization. The first of these is respect for the pledged word.

Now, the government which you uphold has twice violated its pledged word; it signed the peace of Brest-Litovsk, betraying its allies. It refuses to pay the interest on the debt which the whole of Russia guaranteed should be paid to the small bourgeois of France.

With what joy we should answer your appeal; with what joy we would echo your cry of anguish if, under pain of death, you should dare to cry out that the world will never be at peace so long as the Slavic people suffer from the Bolshevik gangrene.

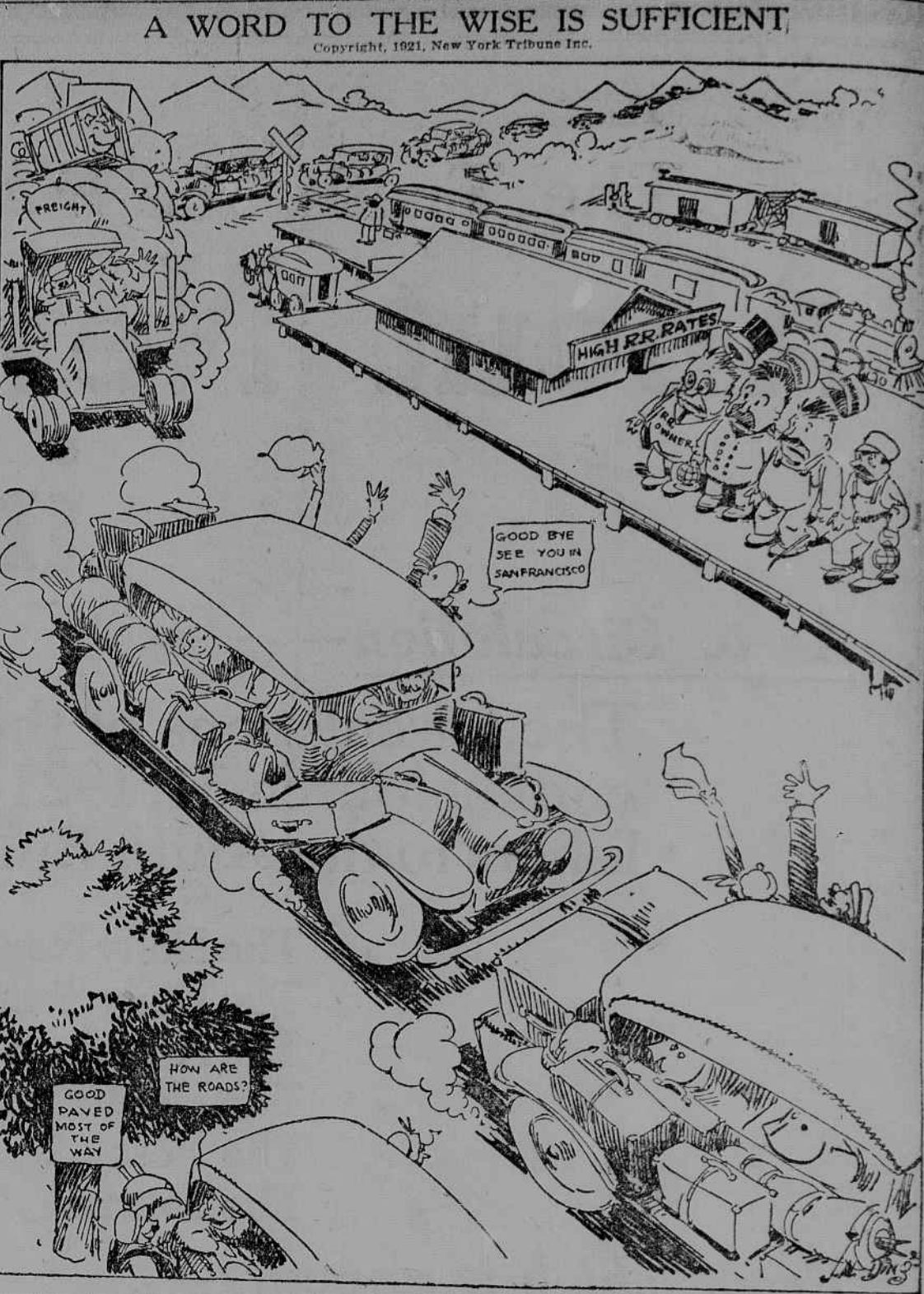
You write: "The cruelty of the victors towards the vanquished." We cannot listen to your appeal. In France, also, people are hungry, people are in misery. We are turning all our powers toward helping the French, who love their land, who do not wander off in search of a savior, who live in their cellars and cultivate their fields. And if we have anything left over we will help our brothers in arms, the Russian exiles, who have not been treasonable, and whom Lenin and Trotsky would shoot without pity if they crossed the boundary of those great territories which your protectors have made into a hell.

Be true to yourself, Maxim Gorky. Utter the cry of revolt which the world is awaiting. Give a gospel to those fleeing hordes. Risk your life, but protest against the awful tyranny which has brought about the famine. Stop writing to Gerhardt Hauptmann. And then, I swear to you, all of us who have proved our capacity for sacrifice, we will endeavor to make further sacrifices to save this people who are decimated by cholera, tortured by the plague and destroyed by hunger.

Nothing for the allies of Lenin, Trotsky and Gerhardt Hauptmann, but everything for a regenerate Russia.

Be brave, Maxim Gorky. Speak to these people who are going to die. Get them together. Chase out those who have starved them. Then we shall be with you, and you will see if "altruistic sentiments" have lost their power, if there is not another thing of beauty besides anarchy.

Are you afraid? You only tremble;



**Insurance Doesn't Restore**  
Fire Loss Absolute in Spite of Policyholder's Compensation

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: An article by John B. Morton in The Tribune arouses my interest. His assertion that "fire insurance only indemnifies; it does not restore" gives food for thought. Fire insurance, unfortunately, generally is visualized as a gamble concerning only insurer and insured—society at large being a disinterested observer.

Meditation has convinced me that no one wins if there be no fire competition, the demands of policyholders and state regulation combining to keep rates at such a level as to provide the insurance companies only reasonable compensation for the service they render and enable them to build up reserves sufficient to meet their obligations with normal average fire losses.

When a fire occurs we are apt to ask if the property was fully insured, and if the reply be in the affirmative we dismiss it as a matter of no importance, yet "insurance only indemnifies; it does not restore." The loss is absolute. One hundred per cent insurance only covers property values, it does not indemnify the policyholder for loss incident to interrupted operation or loss of valuable records; neither does it compensate the employee, who is temporarily deprived of earning capacity.

"Insurance does not restore." When an elevator containing hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat burns society loses. Just that amount of human necessities has gone beyond recall and no amount of indemnity will restore it. The loss of the building represents much more than values measured by dollars; it represents both labor and materials that are utterly destroyed and cannot be restored. This is society's loss.

The insurance company is protected by the premiums paid by policyholders who, in turn, are partially indemnified by payments received from the company, but the loss of society cannot be restored. It seems to me that to the extent that the insurance companies reduce fire loss through methods of prevention by reducing premiums in keeping with lessened hazard incident to care and cleanliness on the part of the insured, they are performing a valuable service to society and should be commended.

J. C. FORESTER.  
New York, July 30, 1921.

**Faith in Mother Instinct**  
To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: There is more reason back of Senator Reed's objection to such health legislation as the maternity bill that would appear from your editorial comment.

It is mentioned in the editorial that a "mother's instinct" is no longer a safe guide in the care of her children. Is not that which is called a mother's instinct nothing irrational or anything to fear, but rather a deep and peculiar knowledge derived from a mother's love? Should not a knowledge derived in that way be encouraged, trusted and cultivated to the greatest degree, not discouraged? A trained nurse, it is rightly said, knows more of hygiene than does a mother, but does she know more about a child? In working for the physical welfare of a child a knowledge of its character and spiritual qualities must be considered of utmost importance, and who but a mother can supply this?

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